and has nothing more to give you, then the spirit finds itself—it is there already always—lying at the lotus feet of its God."

Benares! Is it the subtle chords of a sub-merged memory struck that the very name suggests Hidden Mystery, Mighty Power, Ultimate Goal, as the syllables of Delhi glint of cloth of gold and of Agra waft love and laces in marble ? Taken always in Eastern sibylline books as the symbol for the human heart, has not the Holy City, before ever we set foot in her precincts, breathed always with mysterious accents of the Heart of Life Itself ?

How shall I write of you ? You, the Mystery of the East incarnate, the Living Sphinx, with your child-woman's body, your magician's wisdom, your lion's strength. To how many holy souls all over the world has it been the dearest dream to meet the Mahatmas face to face ! Some have even died scaling snowy precipices in their efforts to gain Their feet. But you need never lift your purdah to behold them, nor stop playing with

your dolls
to commune with them at first
hand. Men,
the bravest, have had a secret fear
of death,
but to you the body is nothing but a
shell,
discarded when you will.

As